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Kate Hart.

with Mary's love

Jan. 25th 1908

Hymns

for

Men

and

Women

COMPILED BY

W. F. COBB, D.D.

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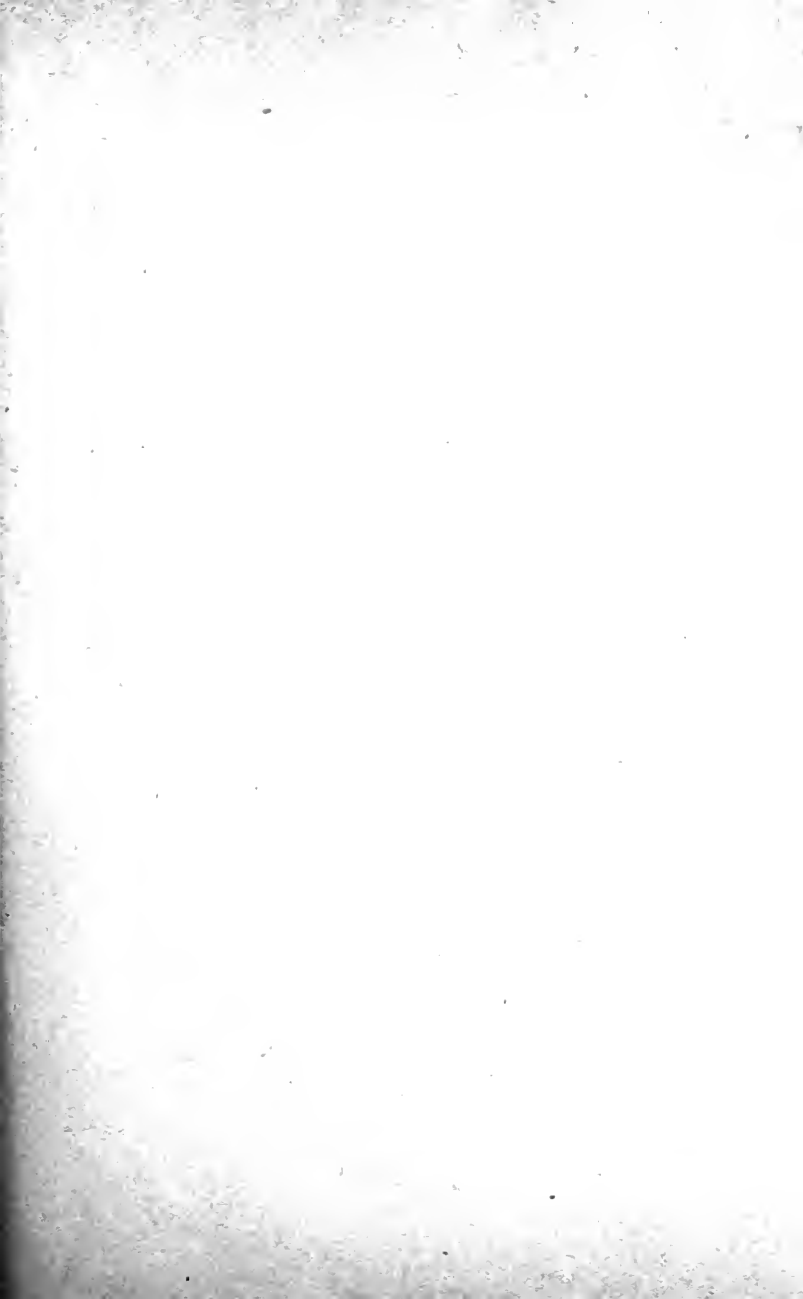
MDCCCCVII

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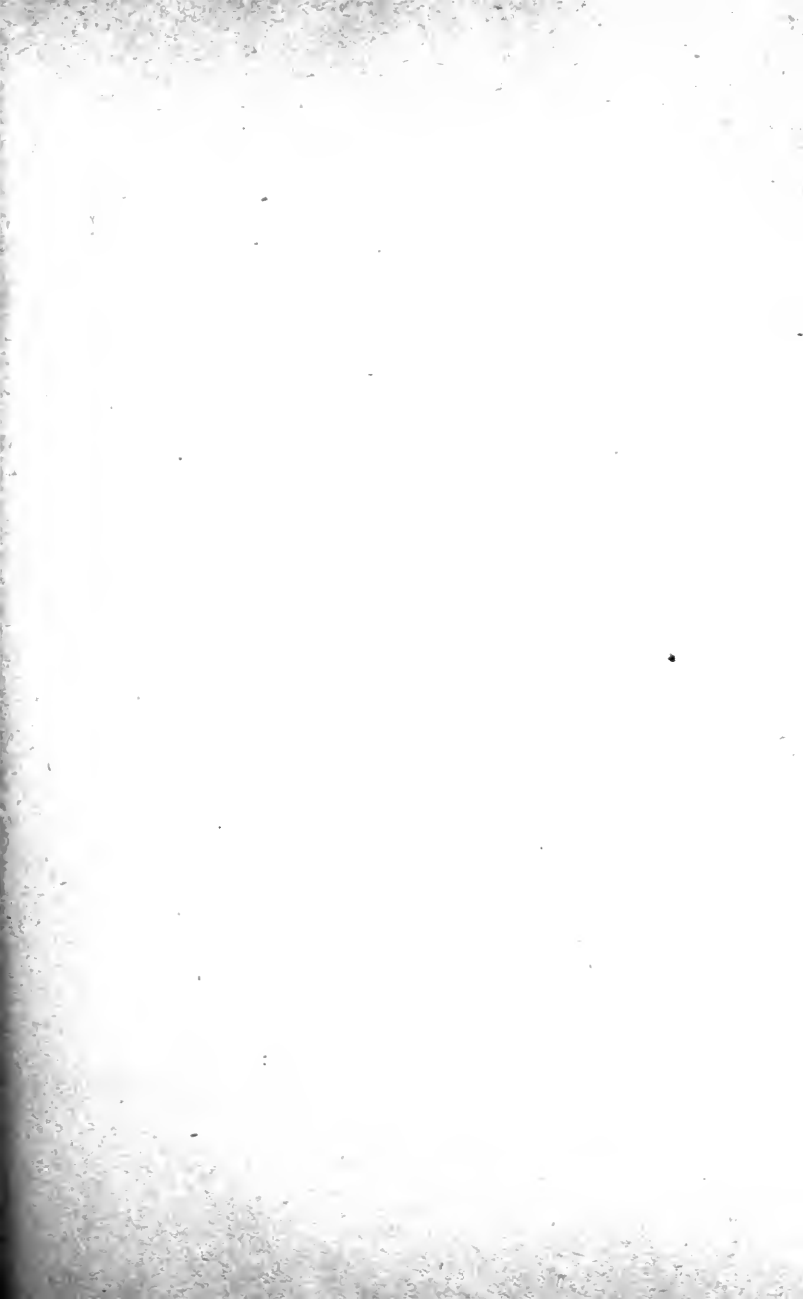
PREFACE.

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Hymns for Men and Women.

700.

The Lord of Life.

L.M.

QUEBEC

LORD of all being ! Throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life ! Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope ! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night .

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn,
Our rain-bow arch Thy mercy's sign,
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine !

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love ;
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee ;
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

701.

Upward.

6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

RUTH

PURER yet and purer
 I would be in mind,
 Dearer yet and dearer
 Every duty find ;
 Hoping still and trusting
 God without a fear,
 Patiently believing
 He will make all clear.

Calmer yet and calmer
 In the hours of pain,
 Surer yet and surer
 Peace at last to gain ;
 Suffering still and doing,
 To His Will resigned,
 And to God subduing
 Heart and will and mind.

Higher yet and higher
 Out of clouds and night,
 Nearer yet and nearer
 Rising to the light—
 Light serene and holy,
 Where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly,
 Sanctified and blest.

Swifter still and swifter
 Ever onward run,
 Firmer yet and firmer
 Step as I go on ;
 Oft these earnest longings
 Swell within my breast,
 Yet their inner meaning
 Ne'er can be expressed.

I. W. von Goethe.

702. The Bridegroom of the Soul.

5.5.8.8.5.5.

SELENBRAUTIGAM

JESU, day by day
Guide us on life's way ;
Nought of dangers will we reckon
Simply haste where Thou dost beckon
Lead us by the hand
To our Fatherland.

Hard should seem our lot,
Let us waver not,
Never murmur at our crosses
In dark days of grief and losses
'Tis through trial we
Here must pass to Thee.

When the heart must know
Pain for others' woe,
When beneath its own 'tis sinking
Give us patience, hope unshrinking,
Fix our eyes, O Friend,
On our journey's end.

Thus our path shall be
Daily traced by Thee ;
Draw Thou nearer when 'tis rougher
Help us most when most we suffer,
And when all is o'er,
Ope to us Thy door.

Count Zinzendorf.

703.

The Holy Spirit.

7-7-7-7-7-7.

MAYENNE

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would gracious be,
And, with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would truthful be,
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which thro' earth its way has made;
Silently like morning light
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;
And whatever I can be
Give to Him Who gave me Thee.

T. T. Lynch.

704. Faith, Hope, Charity.

7.7.7.

ST. KERRIAN

FAITH and Hope and Charity,
Oh ! that these might dwell with me,
Triad sweet and mystic three.

Faith, that in some secret place
Doth unbind the bonds of space,
And reveal the Father's face.

Hope, our pledge of future bliss,
Breath from other worlds than this,
Snatches of Heaven's harmonies.

Charity, most wished-for guest,
Fairer thou than all the rest,
God is Love—and Love is best.

Triad sweet and mystic three,
Come thrice welcome guests to me,
Faith and Hope and Charity.

L. G. McMillan.

705. The Goal of Life.

7-7-7-7.

CAMBRIDGE

ALL before us lies the way ;
Give the past unto the wind.
All before us is the day ;
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its rivers old,
Love and flowers and living tree,
Is not ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions deep and kind,
In the life that has no care,
Purest Eden we shall find.

Where the soul to sin hath died
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified
And our Paradise is found.

Then shall come the Eden days,
Guardian watch from seraph eyes,
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land afar
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir, nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

From "*Christian Hymns.*"

706.

Inspiration.

S.M.

MOUNT EPHRAIM

BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou would'st do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will
To be and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Blend all my soul with Thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

Edwin Hatch.

707.

A Doxology.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

AUSTRIA

WORSHIP, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to Thy Name :
Young and old their love expressing
Join Thy goodness to proclaim.
As the Saints in Heaven adore Thee,
We would bow before Thy Throne ;
As the Angels bow before Thee,
So on earth Thy Will be done.

Edward Osler.

708. *St. George, the Martyr.*

6.5.—12 lines

ST. GERTRUDE

COME, ye sons of England,
Friends of truth and right ;
Sing of mighty Heroes,
Laud a faithful Knight.
For high deeds of daring
Render honour due ;
Let us join in praising
Valiant men and true.

Come then, Christian brothers,
Share the age-long fight ;
Claim St. George for England,
Stand for truth and right.

See ! the sign of evil
Fallen 'neath his feet,
See ! he rides in triumph,
Victory complete ;
Strong in faith and courage,
Counting life but loss,
His the conquest promised,
Soldiers of the Cross.

Come, then, etc.

Hark ! the Saviour calls him,
"Drink this cup with Me."
His the willing answer,
"Lord, so let it be ;"
Now his red-cross banner
Floating far and wide,
Marks our whole dominion
For the Crucified.

Come, then, etc.

PATRON SAINT

Lo! he reigns in glory
With the Lord we love;
Witness of our warfare
From the home above;
Though our mighty Patron
Rests from earth's campaign,
In the Church of Jesus
We the war maintain.
Come, then, etc.

With the martyr army
Now he waits in peace,
Till the call to battle
Shall for ever cease;
Lost in strains of conquest,
As the Church at large
In her hour of triumph
Makes the final charge.
Come, then, etc.

Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
Glory to the Spirit,
Ever Three in One;
All the mighty heroes
Marshalled near Thy Throne
Wrought their deeds of splendour
In Thy strength alone.

Come then, sons of England,
Lift the ancient cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy,
Is the Lord most High."

Reprinted from "Church Times."

709.

Benediction.

7.7.7.7.7.

VENITE SANCTE SPIRITUS

LORD of power, Lord of might,
God and Father of us all;
Lord of day and Lord of night,
Listen to our solemn call;
Listen whilst to Thee we raise
Holy prayer and songs of praise.

Light and Love and Life are Thine,
Great Creator of all good;
Fill our souls with light divine;
Give us with our daily food
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,
Peace and joy for evermore.

Graft within our heart of hearts
Love undying for Thy Name;
Bid us ere the day departs
Speak afar our Maker's fame:
Young and old together bless,
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

Full of years and full of peace,
May our life on earth be blest;
When our trials here shall cease,
And at last we sink to rest,
Fountain of eternal love
Call us to our home above.

From "*Christian Hymns.*"

710. The Holy Spirit.

7.7.7.7.

SICILY

HOLY Spirit, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine ;
Word of God and Inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire ;
Perish self in Thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine,
King within my conscience reign ;
Be my Law and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine
Still this restless heart of mine ;
Speak to calm this tossing sea
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine ;
In the desert ways I sing
"Spring, O Well, for ever spring."

711.

Endurance.

7.6.7.6.

MORLAIX

A STRONG and mailed Angel,
With eyes serene and deep
Unwearied and unwearying,
His patient watch doth keep.

A strong and mailed Angel
In the midnight and the day ;
Walking with me at my labour,
Kneeling by me when I pray.
What he says no other heareth ;
None listen save the stars,
That move in armed battalions,
Clad with the strength of Mars.

Low are the words he speaketh—
“Young dreamer, God is great ;
'Tis glorious to suffer,
'Tis majesty to wait.”

O, angel of endurance,
O, saintly and sublime,
White are the armed legions
That tread the halls of Time.

Blessèd and brave and holy,
The olive on my heart
Baptised with Thy baptising
Shall never more depart.

O, strong and mailed angel,
Thy trailing robes I see,
Read other souls the lessons,
So meekly read to me.

Still chant the same grand anthem,
The beautiful and great,
“'Tis glorious to suffer,
'Tis majesty to wait.”

L. F. H. in *Hymns of the Ages.*

HYMN TO LIBERTY

712.

Divine Truth

7-7-7-7.

BERRY BROW

LIFE of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty;
Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined:
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind;
Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good.
Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim's track;
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back —
Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty.

Samuel Johnson.

713.

God's Providence.

L.M.

ANGELUS.

UNTO the hills I lift mine eyes;
Whence comes my help? My help it lies
In God enthroned above the skies,
Who made the heavens and earth to be.
He guides thy foot o'er mountain steeps?
He slumbers not, thy soul who keeps?
Ah no! He slumbers not, nor sleeps,
Of Israel the Guardian He.

He is thy rock, thy shield and stay,
On thy right hand a shade alway,
The sun ne'er smiteth thee by day,
The moon at night ne'er troubles thee.

The Lord will guard thy soul from sin,
Thy life from harm without, within,
Thy going out and coming in,
From this time forth eternally.

From the "*Jewish Year*." (slightly altered)

714. Divine Wisdom.

65.65.65.

EDINA

TEACH us, Lord, Thy wisdom while we seek men's lore ;
May the mind be humbled as we know Thee more,
Let the larger vision bring the childlike heart,
And our deeper knowledge holier zeal impart.

Should our faith be palsied by the touch of doubt,
Should our hearts grow empty, faithless, undevout,
Lord, in mercy lead us to our springs in Thee,
Where are healing waters plentiful and free.

Should Thy face be clouded to our spirit's sight,
Speak through human kindness, shine through nature's light,
In the face of loved ones or the ties of home—
Only, gracious Father, to Thy children come.

C. S. Oakley.

715. Trust in God.

L.M.

MELCOMBE

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why :
He thinks he was not made to die :
And Thou hast made him : Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how :
Our wills are ours to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day :
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith, we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see,
And yet we trust it comes from Thee ;
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell :
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

But vaster. We are fools and slight
We mock Thee when we do not fear :
But help Thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

Alfred Tennyson.

716. "Worthy the Lamb."

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

CHORALE

JESUS our risen King,
Glory to Thee we sing,
Praising Thy Name :
Thy love and grace adore,
Which all our sorrows bore,
Crying for evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

O haste, ye ransomed race,
For all His gifts of grace
To praise His Name :
He wondrous things hath done,
Triumph o'er Death hath won,
Heaven's gate hath open thrown :
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Come, all ye hosts above,
Join in one song of love,
Praising His Name :
To Him ascribed be
Honour and Majesty,
Through all eternity :
"Worthy the Lamb!"

Blessèd and holy Three!
Glorious Trinity!
Praised be Thy Name.
Father, Thy love we bless ;
Spirit of holiness,
Thee we praise ; and confess,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

717. God's Presence.

C. M.

ST. JAMES

WE pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine.

"Lo here, lo there," no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of Thy presence, Lord,
That seamless covers all.

We turn from seeking Thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of Thy praise.

And if Thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels Thee ever near.

And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

718. Spring.

P.M.

SPRINGTIME.

FOR all Thy love and goodness, so
bounti | ful and free,
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
On the wings of joyous praise our
hearts soar | up to Thee:
Glory to the Lord!

THE SEASONS

The Springtime breaks all round about,
waking from | winter's night :

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

The sunshine, like God's love, pours
down in floods of | golden light :

Glory to the Lord !

A voice of joy is in all the earth, a
voice is in | all the air :

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

All nature singeth aloud to God ; there
is gladness | everywhere :

Glory to the Lord !

The flowers are strewn in field and copse,
on the hill and | on the plain :

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

The soft air stirs in the tender leaves that
clothe the | trees' again :

Glory to the Lord !

The works of Thy Hands are very fair ;
and for all Thy | bounteous love

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

But what, if this world is so fair, is the
better | land above ?

Glory to the Lord !

Oh, to awake from death's short sleep, like
the flowers from their | wintry grave !

Thy Name, Lord, be adored !

And to rise all glorious in the day when
Christ shall | come to save !

Glory to the Lord !

Oh, to dwell in that happy land, where
the heart cannot | choose but sing!
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
And where the life of the blessèd ones is
a beautiful | endless Spring!
Glory to the Lord! Alleluia.

719. The New Jerusalem.

L.M.

WAREHAM

AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pasture seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?
Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear: O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake.

720. Mercy and Pity.

C.M.

ST. TIMOTHY

TO Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear,
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity, a human face;
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine:
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In Heathen, Turk, or Jew;
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

William Blake.

721.

Quietness.

C.M.

ST. PETER

SOFT are the dews of God that bless
The sleeping, moonlit world ;
Silent the tide whose mighty stress
Around the earth is whirled.

Soundless the night inflames the pole,
The song of stars is mute ;
Their music pierces to the soul
In silence absolute.

Noiseless the morning flings its gold,
And still the evenings flow ;
No cry is heard as earth is rolled
Amid the vast of space.

So quietly Thy Spirit grows
In man from hour to hour ;
In Calm eternal onward flows
Thy all-redeeming power.

Lord, grant my soul to hear at length
Thy deep, unuttered voice ;
To work in silence, wait in strength
With calmness to rejoice.

Stopford A. Brooke.

722. Thanksgiving.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

Dix

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our grateful psalm of praise.

723. **The Strenuous Life.**

8.7.8.7.

CULBACH.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer !
 Not for ease that prayer shall be ;
 But for strength that we may ever
 Live our lives courageously.
 Not for ever in green pastures
 Do we ask our way to be ;
 But the steep and rugged pathway
 May we tread rejoicingly.
 Not for ever by still waters
 Would we idly rest and stay ;
 But would smite the living fountain
 From the rocks along our way.
 Be our strength in hours of weakness ;
 In our wanderings be our guide ;
 Through endeavour, failure, danger,
 Father, be Thou at our side.

Anonymous.

724. **Our Fatherland.**

7.6.7.6

ST. ALPHEGE

NOW pray we for our country,
 That England long may be
 The holy and the happy,
 And the gloriously free.
 Who blesseth her is blessed
 So peace be in her walls,
 And joy in all her palaces,
 Her cottages and halls.

W. J. Fox.

725. Inward Renewal.

7.7.7.7.

LUBECK

KING of mercy, King of love,
In whom I live, in whom I move,
Perfect what thou hast begun,
Let no light put out this sun.

Grant I may—my chief desire—
Long for thee, to thee aspire !
Let my youth, my bloom of days,
Be my comfort, and thy praise :

That hereafter, when I look
O'er the sullied sinful book,
I may find thy hand therein
Wiping out my shame and sin !

Only thine, O Lord, the art
To reduce a stubborn heart ;
And since thine is victory,
Strongholds should belong to thee.

Lord, then take it, leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot ;
Since I would not have it mine,
O my God ! let it be thine.

Henry Vaughan.

726. The Kingdom of God.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

ST. GEORGE

LORD from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the Church below !
Steadfast may we cleave to Thee ;
Love the mystic union be,
Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each and all to Thine :
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

Move and actuate and guide ;
Divers gifts to each divide :
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil :
Never from our office move ;
Needful to each other prove ;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God.

Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy :
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in Thee :
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void !
Names and sects and parties fall :
Thou, O God, art all in all !

Charles Wesley.

727. To the Christians.

L.M.

PENTECOST

ENGLAND, awake ! awake ! awake !
 Jerusalem thy sister calls !
 Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
 And close her from thy ancient walls ?
 Thy hills and valleys felt her feet
 Gently upon their bosoms move :
 Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways ;
 Then was a time of joy and love.
 And now the time returns again :
 Our souls exult ; and London's towers
 Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
 In England's green and pleasant bowers.

728. Prayer.

C.M.

ST. PETER

FATHER, we would not dare to change
 Thy purpose if we might,
 For how shall man presume to teach
 The Everlasting Right ?
 Our prayer is but a flower that lifts
 Its petals to the sun,
 That in the light it may unfold
 Its leaflets one by one.
 We only ask Thyself ; that we,
 Unfolding hour by hour
 The beauty of good deeds may drink
 Thy life in like the flower.

Minot J. Savage.

729. The Hope of Righteousness.

S.M.

ST. MICHAEL

I hope at last to find
The Kingdom from above,
The settled peace, the constant mind,
The everlasting love ;

The sanctifying grace
That makes me meet for home ;
I hope to see Thy glorious face,
Where sin can never come.

What shall I do to keep
The blessed hope I feel ?
Still let me pray, and watch, and weep,
And serve Thy pleasure still.

Lord, if Thou hast bestowed
On me the gracious fear,
This horror of offending God,
O keep it always here !

And that I nevermore
May from Thy ways depart,
Enter with all Thy mercy's power,
And dwell within my heart.

Charles Wesley.

THANKSGIVING

730.

God's Gifts.

6.4.6.4.6.4.6.4.

PAX DEI

TO do Thy Holy Will,
To bear the Cross ;
To trust Thy mercy still
In pain or loss ;
Poor gifts are those we bring,
Dear Lord, to Thee
Who hast done everything
For all, and me.

For all Thy glorious earth,
Thy stars and flowers,
For love and gentle mirth,
For happy hours,
For good by which we live,
For sweet sunshine ;
What recompense can give
This heart of mine ?

Thou, Who enthroned above
Dost hear our call ;
Oh, can our faithful love
Pay Thee for all ?
Poor recompense to bring,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
Who hast done everything
For Man, and me.

From "Christian Hymns."

731.

The Day-Star.

7·7·7·7·7·7·7·7·

HOHENLOHE

HAIL! Thou Day-Star from on high,
Hail! Creation's Destiny!
Lowly sod and lofty soul
Upward climbing to their goal.
Lofty soul and lowly sod
Soaring surely to their God:
Hail! Thou Day-Star from on high,
Hail! Creation's Destiny.

Hail! Thou Universal Life,
Ruling o'er all forms of strife,
Soul of Nature, Fount of Light,
Shrine of Morning, veiled in Night,
Word of Power and Voice of Love,
Bid Earth's giant mountains move!
Hail! Thou Universal Life,
Pulse of God, beyond man's strife.

Hail! Thou Day-Star from on high,
Beauty, Wisdom, Destiny:
Let Thy mystic waters flow,
Let Thy hidden glory glow,
Till each life hath conscious part
In Love's ever-burning Heart:
Hail! Thou Day-Star from on high,
Beauty, Wisdom, Destiny!

L. N. Duddington.

732. God's Presence.

S.M.

ST. MICHAEL

ONE gift, my God, I seek—
To know Thee always near ;
To feel Thy hand, to see Thy face,
Thy blessed voice to hear.

Where'er I go, my God,
O, let me find Thee there ;
Where'er I stay, stay Thou with me,
A Presence everywhere.

And if Thou bringest peace,
Or if Thou bringest pain,
But come Thyself with all that comes,
And all shall be for gain.

Long listening to Thy words,
My voice shall catch Thy tone.
And, locked in Thine, my hand shall grow
All loving like Thine own.

B.T.

733. God's Immanence.

7.7.7.7.

GERMAN HYMN

NOTHING fair on earth I see
But I straightway think on Thee ;
Thou art fairest in mine eyes,
Source in whom all beauty lies.

On Thy light I think at morn,
With the earliest break of dawn ;
Think what glories lie in Thee,
Light of all Eternity.

PRAISE

When I watch the moon arise
'Mid heaven's thousand golden eyes,
Then I think more glorious far
Is the Maker of yon star.

Or I cry in Spring's sweet hours,
When the fields are gay with flowers,
As their varied hues I see,
What must their Creator be!

When I wander by the stream,
Or beside the fountain dream,
Straight my thoughts take wing and mount
Up to Thee their purest Fount.

Sweetly all the air is stirred
When the Echo's call is heard;
But no sounds my heart rejoice
Like to my Beloved's voice.

Take away then what could blind,
Unite to Thee my soul and mind;
Henceforth ever let my heart
See Thee Saviour, as Thou art!

Scheffler (1657)

TO THE CHRIST.

THOU hast on earth a trinity,
Thyself, my fellow-man, and me:
When one with him, then one with Thee,
Nor, save together, Thine are we.

John Banister Tabb.

734. The Day of the Lord.

P.M.

ST. FRANCIS

THE Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand :
Its storms roll up the sky :

The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold ;

All dreamers toss and sigh ;

The night is darkest before the morn ;

When the pain is sorest the child is born,

And the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God,

Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth ;

Come ! for the Earth is grown coward and old,

Come down, and renew us her youth,

Wisdom, Self-Sacrifice, Daring, and Love,

Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,

To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of ill,

Famine, and Plague, and War ;

Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,

Gather, and fall in the snare !

Hireling and Mammonite, Bigot and Knave,

Crawl to the battle-field, sink to your grave,

In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,

While the Lord of all ages is here ?

True hearts will leap at the trump of God,

And those who can suffer, can dare.

Each old age of gold was an iron age too,

And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do,

In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Charles Kingsley. (Slightly altered.)

735.

Sursum Corda.

IO. IO. IO. IO.

REDEMPTOR MUNDI

LIFT up your hearts!" We lift them Lord to Thee;
Here at Thy feet, none other may we see:
"Lift up your hearts!" E'en so with one accord,
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.

Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
O Lord of Light, lift all our hearts to-day!

Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame;
The deeds, the thoughts, that honour may not name,
The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,
O Lord of Truth lift every Christian soul!

Above the storms that vex this lower state,
Pride, jealousy and envy, rage and hate,
And cold mistrust that holds e'en friends apart,
O Lord of Love, lift every brother's heart!

Lift us to Thee, each youth, each elder here,
Our friends, our homes, and all we count most dear;
Learning and wit, grace, vigour, childish glee,
Lift them, O Lord, and lift them all to Thee.

Lift every gift that Thou Thyself hast given;
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven:
Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,
Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.

SELF-SURRENDER

O! if the hopes which thrill our hearts to-day
Foreshadow ought that shall not pass away,
And we may trust that all our ways shall be
Bound each to each by natural piety,

Then as the trumpet-call, in after years,
"Lift up your hearts!" rings pealing in our ears,
Still shall these hearts respond, with full accord,
"We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord."

H. Montagu Butler.

736. The Temple of God.

S.M.

ST. FLAVIAN

THY Home is with the humble, Lord!
The simplest are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there Thy rest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If Thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for Thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine,
But Thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but Thee,
And let it be Thy rest.

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord!
Great Spirit! is it Thou?
Deeper and deeper in my heart,
I feel Thee resting now.

F. W. Faber († 1863.)

737.

The Word of God.

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

Moscow

CHRISt in His Word draws near ;
 Hush moaning voice of fear,
 He bids thee cease ;
 With songs sincere and sweet
 Let us arise and meet
 Him who comes forth to greet
 Our souls with peace.

Rising above thy care,
 Meet Him as in the air,
 O weary heart :
 Put on joy's sacred dress ;
 Lo, as He comes to bless,
 Quite from thy weariness
 Set free thou art.

For works of love and praise
 He brings thee summer days,
 Warm days and bright ;
 Winter is past and gone,
 Now He, salvation's sun,
 Shineth on every one
 With mercy's light.

From the bright sky above,
 Clad in His robes of love,
 'Tis He, our Lord :
 Dim earth itself grows clear
 As His light draweth near :
 O let us hush and hear
 His holy word.

T. T. Lynch († 1871.)

738. The Temple of God.

S.M.

ST. MICHAEL

WHERE is thy God, my soul?
Is He within Thy heart;
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun;
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture's page;
Or does His Spirit check and guide
The Spirit of each age?

O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart:
O, great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart.

Giver of holy words,
Bestow Thy holy power,
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

T. T. Lynch († 1871.)

739. God All in All.

C.M.

TALLIS (ORDINAL)

O GOD! Thy power is wonderful,
 Thy glory passing bright;
 Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
 A rapture to the sight.
 Yet more than all, and ever more,
 Should we, ^f_h Thy creatures, bless,
 Most worshipful of attributes,
 Thine awful holiness.
 There's not a craving in the mind,
 Thou dost not meet and still;
 There's not a wish the heart can have
 Which Thou dost not fulfil.
 Thy justice is the gladdest thing
 Creation can behold;
 Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
 The guilty to be bold.
 All things that have been, all that are,
 All things that can be dreamed,
 All possible creations, made,
 Kept faithful, or redeemed—
 All these may draw upon Thy power,
 Thy mercy may command;
 And still outflows Thy silent sea,
 Immutable and grand.
 O little heart of mine! shall pain
 Or sorrow make thee moan,
 When all this God is all for thee,
 A Father all thine own?

F. W. Faber(† 1863.)

740.

God's Glory.

D.C.M.

OLD 137th.

THOU wast, O God, and Thou wast blest,
 Before the world began ;
 Of Thine eternity possest
 Before time's hour glass ran.
 Thou needest none Thy praise to sing,
 As if Thy joy could fade ;
 Couldst Thou have needed anything,
 Thou couldst have nothing made.

Great and good God, it pleasèd Thee
 Thy Godhead to declare ;
 And what Thy goodness did decree,
 Thy greatness did prepare ;
 Thou spak'st and heaven and earth appeared
 And answered to Thy call ;
 As if their Maker's voice they heard,
 Which is the creature's all.

To whom, Lord, should I sing, but Thee,
 The maker of my tongue ?
 Lo, other Lords would seize on me,
 But I to Thee belong.
 As waters haste into their sea,
 And earth unto its earth,
 So let my soul return to Thee,
 From whom it had its birth.

John Mason († 1694.)

741. The Song of Nature.

7.7.7.7.

CULBACH

HARK, my soul, how everything
 Strives to serve our bounteous King ;
 Each a double tribute pays,
 Sings its part, and then obeys.
 Nature's chief and sweetest quire,
 Him with cheerful notes admire ;
 Chanting every day their lauds
 While the grove their song applauds.
 Though their voices lower be,
 Streams have too their melody ;
 Night and day they warbling run,
 Never pause, but still sing on.
 All the flowers that gild the spring
 Hither their still music bring ;
 If heaven bless them, thankful, they
 Smell more sweet, and look more gay.
 Only we can scarce afford
 This short office to our Lord ;
 We, on whom His bounty flows,
 All things gives, and nothing owes.
 Wake ! for shame, my sluggish heart,
 Wake ! and gladly sing thy part ;
 Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
 How to use thy nobler powers.
 Call all nature to thy aid,
 Since 'twas He whole nature made ;
 Join in one eternal song,
 Who to one God all belong.
 Live for ever, glorious Lord ;
 Live by all Thy works adored !
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 Thrice we bow to Thee alone.

John Austin. (†1669.)

742.

Humility.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

ST. MATTHIAS

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine,
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
 The captains and the kings depart,
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away,
 On dune and headland sinks the fire,
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law,
 Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling.

743.

Forward.

D.C.M.

OLD 137th.

WE limit not the truth of God,
To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial and confined ;
No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

Who dares to bind to his dull sense,
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given ;
That universe, how much unknown !
That ocean unexplored !
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

Darkling our great forefathers went
The first steps of the way ;
'Twas but the dawning yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall ; our glorious Sun
More fervid rays afford ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

The valleys past, ascending still,
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.
Upward we press ; the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard ;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from His word.

O Father, Son, and Spirit, send
 Us increase from above ;
 Enlarge, expand all Christian souls
 To comprehend Thy love !
 And make us all go on to know,
 With nobler powers conferred,
 The Lord hath yet more light and truth
 To break forth from His Word.

G. Rawson († 1889)

744. The Kingdom of God.

7.7.7.7.

INNOCENTS

EARTH is past away and gone,
 All her glories, every one,
 All her pomp is broken down ;
 God is reigning—God alone !

All her high ones lowly lie,
 All her mirth hath passed away,
 All her merry-hearted sigh:
 God is reigning—God on high !

No more sorrow, no more night,
 Perfect joy and purest light ;
 With His spotless saints and bright
 God is reigning in the height !

Blessing, praise and glory bring ;
 Offer every holy thing ;
 Everlasting praises sing !
 God is reigning, God is King.

Henry Alford.

745.

Divine Wisdom.

7.6.7.6.

VULPIUS

THY way is best, my Father,
Though full of pain and care,
Thy will is right, my Father,
However hard to bear.

Thy way is best, my Father,
Though far apart from mine ;
Thy judgments, O my Father,
With truth and mercy shine.

Thy gifts are best, my Father,
Though not the gifts I'd choose,
Thy choice is right, my Father,
Whether I gain or lose.

Thy word is good, my Father,
That bids me live or die ;
And I am blest, my Father,
In bowing silently.

Thy thoughts are deep, my Father,
Thy love is calm and wise ;
My future life, my Father,
Unveiled before Thee lies.

Thy time is best, my Father,
Thy purpose to fulfil,
O give me strength, my Father,
To bow me to Thy will.

Charitie Lees Bancroft.

746.

God is Love.

C.M.

SOUTHWELL

THOU, Lord, art Love—and everywhere
 Thy Name is brightly shown,
 Beneath, on earth Thy footstool fair,
 Above, in heaven Thy throne.

Thy word is love—in lines of gold
 There mercy prints its trace;
 In nature we thy steps behold,
 The gospel shows Thy face.

Thy ways are Love—tho' they transcend
 Our feeble range of sight,
 They wind through darkness to their end
 Of everlasting light.

Thy thoughts are Love—and Jesus is
 The living voice they find;
 His love lights up the vast abyss
 Of the Eternal Mind.

Thy chastisements are Love—more deep
 They stamp the seal divine,
 And by a sweet compulsion keep
 Our spirits nearer Thine.

Thy heaven is the abode of Love—
 O blessed Lord, that we
 May there, when time's dim shades remove,
 Be gathered home to Thee;

There with Thy resting saints to fall
 Adoring round Thy throne;
 Where all shall love Thee, Lord, and all
 Shall in Thy love be one.

James Burns († 1864.)

747.

God is All.

7-7-7-7

CANTERBURY

ONCE I thought to sit so high
In the palace of the sky :
Now I thank God for His grace
If I fill the lowest place.

Once I thought to scale so soon
Heights above the changing moon :
Now I thank God for delay,
While it yet is called to-day.

While I stumble, halt and blind,
Lo, He waiteth to be kind :
Bless me soon or bless me slow—
Bless me, ere I let Thee go.

With Thine image stamped of old
Find Thy coin more choice than gold ;
Known to Thee by name recall
Home Thy homesick prodigal.

Sacrifice and offering
None is there that I can bring—
None save what is Thine alone :
What I bring is but Thine own.

Broken Body, Blood outpoured,
These I bring, my God, my Lord ;
Wine of Life and Living Bread,
Angel's food for me is spread.

Christina Georgina Rossetti (slightly altered.)

748.

Our Master.

C.M.

SOUTHWELL

PART I.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full
Forever flowing free
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never ebbing sea.

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above :
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

He cometh not a king to reign ;
The world's long hope is dim :
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for Him.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He :
Our faith has still its Olivet ;
And love its Galilee.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray,
But dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

The homage that we render Thee
Is still our Father's own :
Nor jealous claim or rivalry
Divides the Cross and Throne.

DISCIPLESHIP

To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds;
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

No pride of self Thy service hath,
No place for me and mine:
Our human strength is weakness, death
Our life apart from Thine.

PART II.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

Our Friend, our Brother and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
No name, no form no ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

Thy litanies sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies
The joy of doing good.

The heart must ring Thy Christmas-bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope Thy canticles;
And its obedience praise.

O love! O life! Our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As, through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noon-day sun—

So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in Thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong ;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts the greater wrong.

Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God.

From J. G. Whittier († 1892.)

749.

Humility.

8.8.8.4.

RISEHOLME

CONTENT to come, content to go,
Content to wrestle or to race,
Content to know or not to know,
Each in his place ;

Lord, grant us grace to love Thee so
That glad of heart and glad of face
At last we may sit high or low
Each in his place ;

Where pleasures flow as rivers flow,
And loss has left no barren trace,
And all that are are perfect so
Each in his place.

Christina Georgina Rossetti († 1895.)

750. The Angels' Song.

D.C.M.

TRADITIONAL AIR

IT came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth,
 To touch their harps of gold—
 'Peace on the earth, good will to men'
 From heaven's all-gracious King;
 The world in solemn stillness lay,
 To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
 With peaceful wings unfurled;
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all the weary world;
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on hovering wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
 The world has suffered long;
 Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
 Two thousand years of wrong;
 And man, at war with man, hears not
 The love-song which they bring:
 O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
 And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way,
 With painful steps and slow—
 Look now! for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing:
 O rest beside the weary road
 And hear the angels sing!

DOXOLOGY

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole earth send back the song
Which now the angels sing:

O Prince of Peace, Thou knowest well
This weary world below ;
Thou seest how men climb the way
With painful steps and slow.
Oh ! still the jarring sounds of earth
That round the pathway ring,
And bid the toilers rest awhile
To hear the Angels sing !

Edward Hamilton Sears.

751.

Doxology.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN

NOW to Him who loved us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give,
Freely shed His blood to save us,
Gave His life that we might live,
Be the Kingdom and dominion
And the glory evermore.

(From "Three Hundred Hymns.")

752. *Salve Jesu Domine.*

P.M.

THE BOAR'S HEAD

NOW sing ye all with one accord
 SALVE JESU DOMINE !
Beholding here your heavenly Lord,
 SALVE JESU DOMINE !
Vision of Eternity,
Smiling from Thy Mother's knee.

Now dress your hearts to hold His flame,
 SALVE JESU DOMINE !
He there shall write His heavenly Name,
 SALVE JESU DOMINE !
He will visit every breast
Where His Purity may rest.

Now let our Carol rise to-day,
 SALVE JESU DOMINE !
Sweet Child, be born in us, we pray,
 SALVE JESU DOMINE !
Let all nations joy to see
Star of Love's Nativity.

L. Nightingale.

753. Laborare est orare.

8.6.8.6.8.6.

SAWLEY ABBEY

WORK, for it is a noble thing,
With worthy ends in view,
To tread the path that God ordains,
With steadfast heart and true,
That will not quail, whate'er betide,
But bravely bear us through.

It recks not what the place may be
That we are called to fill,
How much there is of seeming good,
How much of seeming ill ;
'Tis ours to lend the energies
And consecrate the will.

Work and with cheerful, earnest hearts,
Your bravest and your best,
For in a busy world like ours
There is no place of rest,
And think not they, who vainly dream
Their lives away are blest,

For in each weary, painful task
A lesson is inwrought,
If we would read the truth aright
And let ourselves be taught
Patience and faith and fortitude,
And fixedness of thought.

Work with the head and heart and hands,
And ever bear in mind
That there are sorrows here to soothe
And spirits bruised to bind,
And cords of love in closer bond
Round human hearts to wind.

'Tis true the flesh will oft-times fail
When life is dim and drear :
'Then closer cling to Him whose voice
Can still each doubt and fear,
And shed on these dark hearts of ours
Heaven's sunshine calm and clear.

Unknown.

754. The Light of Life.

L.M.

ANGELS'

- O** grant us light, that we may know
The wisdom Thou alone canst give ;
That truth may guide where'er we go,
And virtue bless where'er we live.
- O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.
- O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart ;
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.
- O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.
- O grant us light, when soon or late
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

Lawrence Tuttielt. († 1897.)

755. God's Kingdom.

7:7-7:7.

INNOCENTS

FATHER, let Thy Kingdom come—
 Let it come with living power ;
 Speak at length the final word,
 Usher in the triumph hour.

As it came in days of old,
 In the deepest hearts of men,
 When Thy martyrs died for Thee,
 Let it come, O God, again.

Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
 Let them from their place be hurled ;
 Enter on Thy better reign—
 Wear the crown of this poor world.

O what long, sad years have gone,
 Since Thy Church was taught this prayer !
 O what eyes have watched and wept
 For the dawning everywhere !

Break, triumphant day of God !
 Break, at last our hearts to cheer ;
 Throbbing souls and holy songs
 Wait to hail Thy dawning here.

Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones—
 May they all for God be won ;
 And, in every human heart,
 Father, let Thy Kingdom come.

John Page Hopps.

756.

Infinity.

7.7.7.7.

LUBECK

SLOWLY, by Thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness ; O how still
Is the working of Thy will !

Mighty Maker, here am I,
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights ;
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars—a wondrous birth !
So may gleams of glory start
From this dim abyss, my heart.

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought.
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires !

Holy Truth, Eternal Right—
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine serenely still,
And with light my being fill.

Thou who dwellest there, I know
Dwellest here within me too ;
May the perfect love of God
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

Let my soul attuned be
To the heavenly harmony
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

William Henry Furness († 1896.)

757. A Nation's Praise.

L.M.

QUEBEC

PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand
 Prepared of old our glorious land ;
 A garden fenced with silver sea:
 A people prosperous, bold and free.

Praise to our God ; through all our past
 His mighty arm hath held us fast ;
 Till wars and perils, toils and tears,
 Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

Praise to our God ; the vine He set
 Within our coasts is fruitful yet ;
 On many a shore her seedlings grow,
 'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our God ; His power alone
 Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,
 Sustained by counsels wise and just,
 And guarded by a people's trust.

Praise to our God, who still forbears,
 Who still this guilty nation spares ;
 Who calls us still to seek His face,
 And lengthens out our day of grace.

Praise to our God ; through chastenings stern,
 Our evil dross should throughly burn ;
 His rod and staff, from age to age,
 Shall rule and guide His heritage !

James Ellerton. († 1893.)

758.

Our Warfare.

C.M.

ST. BERNARD

O GOD of truth, whose living word
Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,
Enslaved by sin and death!

Set up Thy Standard, Lord, that we,
Who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies
That vex Thy groaning earth.

Ah! would we join that blest array,
And follow in the might
Of Him the Faithful and the True,
In raiment clean and white!

We fight for truth, we fight for God?
Poor slaves of lies and sin!
He who would fight for Thee on earth,
Must first be true within.

Then, God of Truth, for whom we long,
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thy own battle in our hearts,
And slay the falsehood there.

Still smite! still burn! till naught is left
But God's own truth and love.
Then, Lord, as morning dew came down,
Rest on us from above.

Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in Thee.

Thomas Hughes. (†1896.)

759. God's Glory.

6.6.6.6.

IBSTONE

O LOVE that casts out fear,
O Love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

True Sunlight of the Soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

Great Love of God, come in,
Well-spring of heavenly peace,
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up and never cease.

Horatio Bonar. (†1889.)

760.

Autumn.

7.6.7.6.

ST. ALPHEGE

THE year is swiftly waning ;
The summer days are past ;
And life, brief life, is speeding ;
The end is nearing fast.

The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go ;
But Thou Eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

O pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee,

Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned ;
Lord in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

Oh, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain—

Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy Name may hallow;
And see at last Thy face.

William Walsham How (†1897)

761.

Quietness.

8.6.8.8.6.

ST. GEORGE

DEAR Lord and Father of Mankind,
 Forgive our feverish ways ;
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
 In purer lives, Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
 O calm of hills above !
 Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 The silence of eternity
 Interpreted by love !

With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
 The tender whispers of Thy call,
 As noiseless let Thy blessing fall,
 As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease :
 Take from our souls the strain and stress ;
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm ;
 Let sense be dumb,—its heats expire :
 Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still, small voice of calm !

J. G. Whittier. († 1892.)

762. The Glory of God.

C.M.

OLD 137TH.

A QUIET heart, submissive, meek,
Father, do Thou bestow,
Which more than granted will not seek
To have, or give, or know.

Each little hill then holds its gift
Forth to my joying eyes ;
Each mighty mountain will uplift
My spirit to the skies.

Lo, then the running water sounds
With gladsome, secret things !
The silent water more abounds,
And more the hidden springs.

Sweet murmurs then the trees will send,
To hold the birds in song ;
The waving grass its tribute lend
Low music to prolong,

The sun will cast great crowns of light,
On waves that anthems roar :
The dusky billows break at night
In flashes on the shore.

Yea, every lily's shining cup,
The hum of hidden bee,
The odours floating mingled up,
With insect revelry.

All hues, all harmonies divine,
The holy earth about,
Their souls will send forth into mine,
My soul to widen out.

And thus the great earth I shall hold
A perfect gift of Thine,
Richer by these, a thousand fold,
Than if broad lands were mine.

George MacDonald. (†1905.)

763. God in Nature.

7.7.7.7.

CANTERBURY

HEAVEN and earth, and sea and air,
Still their Maker's praise declare ;
Thou, my soul, as loudly sing,
To Thy God thy praises bring.

See the sun his power awakes,
As through clouds his glory breaks,
See the moon and stars of light,
Praising God in stillest night.

See how God the rolling globe
Swathes with beauty like a robe,
Forest, fields, and living things,
Each its Maker's glory sings.

Through the air Thy praises meet,
Birds are singing clear and sweet ;
Fire, and storm, and wind, Thy will
As Thy ministers fulfil.

The ocean waves Thy glory tell,
At Thy touch they sink and swell ;
From the well-spring to the sea,
Rivers murmur, Lord, of Thee.

Ah ! my God, what wonders lie
Hid in Thine infinity !
Stamp upon my inmost heart
What I am and what Thou art.

Joachim Neander. (†1864.)

764.

The City of God.

6.6.6.6.6.6.

OLD 120TH

O THOU not made with hands,
 Not throned above the skies,
 Nor walled with shining walls,
 Nor framed with stones of price,
 More bright than gold or gem,
 God's own Jerusalem ;

Where'er the gentle heart
 Finds courage from above ;
 Where'er the heart forsook
 Warms with the breath of love ;
 Where faith bids fear depart,
 City of God ! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
 In humbleness melts down ;
 Where self itself yields up ;
 Where martyrs win their crown ;
 Where faithful souls possess
 Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
 With cheerful feet we go ;
 When in His steps we tread
 Who trod the way of woe ;
 Where He is in the heart,
 City of God ! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
 Nor golden-walled afar,
 But where Christ's two or three
 In His name gathered are,
 Be in the midst of them,
 God's own Jerusalem !

F. T. Palgrave.

765. Te Deum Laudamus.

D.C.M.

OLD 137TH.

O GOD we praise Thee and confess,
 That Thou the only Lord,
 And everlasting Father art :
 By all the earth ador'd,
 To Thee all Angels cry aloud,
 To Thee the powers on high,
 Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
 Continually do cry.

O ! Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
 Whom heavenly hosts obey,
 The World is with the Glory fill'd,
 Of Thy Majestick Ray.
 Th' Apostles' glorious Company,
 And Prophets crown'd with Light,
 With all the Martyr's noble Hosts,
 Thy constant Praise recite.

The holy Church throughout the World,
 O Lord, confesses Thee,
 That thou Eternal Father art,
 Of boundless Majesty.
 Thy honour'd, true, and only Son,
 And Holy Ghost the spring
 Of never ceasing Joy : O Christ,
 Of Glory, Thou art King.

From *The Christian Sacrifices of Praises*, (A.D. 1724).

766. The Kingdom of God.

L.M.

HYMNARY NO. 613

MY God, what will the future bring
 To happier men when we are gone?
 What golden days shall dawn for them,
 Transcending all we gaze upon?
 Will our long strife be laid at rest,
 The warfare of our blind desires
 Be merged in a perpetual peace,
 And love illumine but harmless fires?
 Shall faith, released from forms that chain
 And freeze the spirit while we pray,
 Expect with calm and ardent eyes
 The morning of death's brighter day?—
 These things shall be! A loftier race
 Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise
 With flame of freedom in their souls,
 And light of science in their eyes.
 They shall be pure from fraud, and know
 The names of priest and king no more;
 For them no placeman's hand shall hold
 The balances of peace and war.
 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
 To spill no drop of blood, but dare
 All that may plant man's lordship firm
 On earth and fire and sea and air.
 Nation with nation, land with land,
 Inarmed shall live as comrades free;
 In every heart and brain shall throb
 The pulse of one fraternity.

ASPIRATION

They shall be simple in their homes
And splendid in their public ways,
Filling the mansions of the state
With music and with hymns of praise.

In aisles majestic, halls of pride,
Groves, gradens, baths and galleries,
Manhood and youth and age shall meet
To grow by converse inly wise.

Woman shall be man's mate and peer,
In all things strong and fair and good,
Still wearing on her brows the crown
Of sinless, sacred motherhood.

High friendship, hitherto unknown,
Or by great poets half divined,
Shall burn, a steadfast star, within
The calm, clear ether of the mind.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chaunt their heavenly songs before
God's face with undiscordant noise.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, no shame,
Though pain and passion may not die ;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

These things—they are no dream—shall be
For happier men when we are gone :
Those golden days for them shall dawn,
Transcending aught we gaze upon.

John Addington Symonds.

767. Human Brotherhood.

7.6.7.6.7.7.7.

HYMN ON HEAVEN

I LIVE to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine.
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold ;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too ;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Anonymous

768.

Love Abideth.

6.6.6.6.

GRATITUDE

TIME flies with restless wings,
Fast fade all earthly things,
Dread death sad sev'rance brings :
But love abideth still.

At birth begins decay,
Youth's strength soon ebbs away,
Man's life lasts one brief day :
But love abideth still.

The centuries take their flight,
With flash like meteors bright,
On some clear starlit night :
But love abideth still.

E'en ages swiftly glide,
Like stream from mountain side,
Borne by a rapid tide :
But love abideth still.

In Heaven faith ne'er shall wane,
There hope shall aye remain,
Whilst crowned above the twain,
There love abideth still.

George Winch.

769.

God's Poor.

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

LORD, from Thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon,
God save 'the Poor.
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be,
God save the Poor.

The arms of wicked men
Do Thou with might restrain,
God save the Poor.
Raise Thou their lowliness,
Succour Thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless,
God save the Poor.

Give them staunch honesty,
Let their pride manly be,
God save the Poor.
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light,
God save the poor.

Unknown.

770. Quietness of Heart.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

MECKLENBURGH

SHALL I o'er the future fret?
 And the past for aye regret,
 Shall I ne'er at evening's close
 Smiling eyes in calm repose?
 Shall the thought be ne'er forgot,
 What may be my future lot?
 Since these torturing cares are vain,
 And their end can ne'er attain.

God hath kept me hitherto;
 Can He cease then to be true?
 Why should I just now despair,
 Can He weary of His care?
 Hence tormenting terrors, hence!
 God shall be my confidence;
 Let Him lead me as He will,
 O my soul, and be thou still.

Whatsoever my heart hath planned—
 He alone can understand
 What is good and well for me,
 What will really hurtful be;
 If I will but let Him choose
 No true good I e'er shall lose;
 But self-will and busy thought
 Oft mistaken paths have sought.

EVENING HYMN

If obscure my place and low,
I will bid my proud heart know,
'Tis the safer from a fall,
Free from cares that vex and thrall;

Or if God would have me great,
I accept my high estate,
He the needful powers will give
Worthily to Him to live.

Unknown.

771. **God all in all.**

IO. IO. IO. IO.

ADORO TE

THE Sun has left his Throne in glory drest :
Father, receive Thine own unto Thy Breast.

Sweet Sacrament of Sleep thy chalice give !
Tired body, die awhile—wake, soul, and live !

Live till thou merge in Him of Whom we came ;
Learn all of what we are—spark of His Flame.

Water to deep returns—Soul into Soul ;
O ! Life of Whom we came ! O God, our Goal !

The Sun has left his Throne in glory drest ;
Father, in Thee our Home, O let us rest !

Hail ! Ever holy One in aspects Three !
Hail ! Maker, Love and Life ! Hail ! Trinity ;

Arthur Harrison.

772. Patience and Humility.

7.7.7.7.

GENEVAN PSALM, 136TH

PATIENCE and Humility !

Where these two companions be,
On their lover they bestow
Quiet calm through weal and woe.

He unmoved meets Fortune's frown,
Sees her wheel go up and down,
Ready stands to face alike
Or her smiles or her dislike.

If she frowns like blackest night,
Threatening to o'erwhelm him quite,
Patience still will stand his friend,
Bidding him await the end.

If she smile and all restore,
And he grow elate once more,
Safe through snares of wealth and pride
Soft humility can glide.

If unkind the world shall prove,
And no heart give love for love,
Patience comforts "Sad thy lot,
But thou hast deserved it not."

If he sit in highest state,
Friends around him rich and great,
From all cares and burdens free ;
Safe is still Humility.

Patience is for days of gloom,
Pining grief to overcome,
But Humility for joy,
Lest it cheat us and destroy.

So until my journey ends
These I choose for daily friends,
For Humility is blest,
And sweet Patience giveth rest.

Anton Ulrich.

773.

Charitie.

L.M.

QUEBEC

THE beams of morning are renewed,
The valley laughs their light to see ;
And earth is bright with gratitude,
And heaven on fire with Charitie.

Oh, dew of heaven ; Oh, light of earth !
Fain would our heart be filled with Thee,
Because nor darkness comes, nor death
About the home of Charitie.

God guides the stars their wandering way,
He seems to cast their courses free :
But binds unto Himself for aye,
And all their chains are Charitie.

When first He stretched the signèd zone,
And heaped the hills, and barred the sea,
Then wisdom sat beside His throne,
But His own word was Charitie.

And still, through every age and hour,
Of things that were, and things that be,
Are breathed the presence and the power
Of everlasting Charitie.

By noon and night, by sun and shower,
By dews that fall and winds that flee,
On grove and field, on fold and flower,
Is shed the peace of Charitie.

The violets light the lonely hill,
The fruitful furrows load the lea ;
Man's heart alone is sterile still,
For lack of lowly Charitie.

He walks a weary vale within,
 No lamp of love in heart hath he ;
 His steps are death, his thoughts are sin,
 For lack of gentle Charitie.
 Daughter of heaven ! we dare not lift
 The dimness of our eyes to thee ;
 Oh ! pure and God-descended gift !
 Oh ! spotless, perfect Charitie !
 Yet forasmuch Thy brow is crossed
 With blood-drops from the deathful tree,
 We take Thee for our only trust,
 Revive us dying Charitie !
John Ruskin (slightly altered.)

774.

Divine Wisdom.

P.M.

PLAIN SONG

STAR of the day and the night !
 Star of the dark that is dying !
 Star of the dawn that is nighing !
 Fountain of Wisdom and Light.
 Purge with Thy pureness our sight
 Thou Light of the Lost Ones that love us !
 Thou Lamp of the Leader above us !
 Fountain of Wisdom and Light.
 How large is thy lustre ! How bright
 The beauty of promise thou wearest !
 The message of morning thou bearest—
 Fountain of Wisdom and Light.
 Shine in the Depth and the Height,
 And show us the Treasures olden
 Of Wisdom, the hidden, the golden
 Fountain of Wisdom and Light.

From *The Songs of the Lotus Circle.*

775.

Immortality.

C.M.

LONDON NEW

THE story comes from long ago,
Of weird and solemn stream,
Where lies forgotten all we know,
And life seems but a dream.

Not all forgotten not all void ;
The chain that links the past,
Now only hidden, not destroyed,
Still binds us sure and fast.

Our many lives in days of old,
Our many lives in store,
Are joined as by some thread of gold,
Till death shall come no more.

Death is the meeting of the ways,
Where Past to Future yields.
The garnered thoughts of former days
We bear to other fields.

From life to life we passing seem
To vanish 'neath the tide,
Like footprints hidden by a stream
But seen on either side.

From Songs of the Lotus Circle.

776. Divine Philosophy.

L.M.

REX GLORIOSE MARTYRUM

LIVE thou thy life, nor take thou heed
Of shades and shapes of threatening ill,
Walk thou where Nature's footsteps lead,
And work in lowliness her Will.

Let duty to thy soul be dear,
In doubt and weakness scorn to grope.
Be steadfast, having naught to fear,
Be joyful, having much to hope.

What though the skies be dark to see,
The ways be dim before thy feet?
If thine own soul be firm in thee,
No harm there is that thou canst meet.

For Courage treads a thornless road,
Where shadows fright the fearful soul,
And Hope will ease thee of thy load,
And Faith will bring thee to thy goal.

Live thou thy life ; and ere it end,
Some grace acquire, some good bestow ;
When Death shall come—thy final friend—
Nor long to leave, nor fear to go.

From *The Songs of the Lotus Circle*.

777.

The Word of God.

C.M.

DUNDEE

A DREAMER dropped a random thought,
'Twas old and yet 'twas new,
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.

It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo ! its light became
A lamp of life—a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.

The thought was small, its issue great,
A watchfire on the hill ;
It shed its radiance far adown
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath ;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

From The Songs of the Lotus Circle.

778. Divine Immanence.

D.C.M.

OLD 81st

THE Lord is in His Holy Place
 In all things near and far ;
 Shekinah of the snowflake He,
 And glory of the star,
 And secret of the April land
 That stirs the field to flowers,
 Whose little tabernacles rise
 To hold Him through the hours.
 He hides Himself within the love
 Of those whom we love best ;
 The smiles and tones that make our homes
 Are shrines by Him possessed ;
 He beats within the lonely heart,
 And shepherds every thought ;
 We find Him not by seeking long,
 We lose Him not, unsought,
 Our heart may build its Holy Place,
 Our feet on Sinai stand,
 But Holiest of Holies knows
 No tread, no touch of hand ;
 The listening soul makes Sinai still
 Wherever we may be,
 And in the vow, "Thy will be done!"
 Lies all Gethsemane.

Gannett.

779.

Upward.

6.5.6.5.D.

ST. GERTRUDE

MORNING breaketh o'er thee,
Fresh life's pulses beat
Earth and sky new-kindled
Once again to greet.
With a thousand voices
Woods and valleys sound,
Leaf and flower with dewdrops
Sparkle all around.

Higher yet and higher,
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer,
Rising to the light.

Day is all before thee,
Vanished is the night ;
Would'st thou aught accomplish,
Look towards the Light ;
Let a mighty purpose
In thee stir and live ;
After Highest Being
Evermore to strive.

Higher yet and higher, etc.

As through mist and vapour
Breaks the morning sun,
Shine and work, thou Spirit !
Till thy task is done.
When from farthest hill-top
Fades the fire of day,
Blest in blessing others
Shalt thou pass away.

Higher yet and higher, etc.
From *The Songs of the Lotus Circle*.

780.

Progress.

8.7.8.7.

REDHEAD No. 46

TRUTH is living! Hope is beaming!
 Light is breaking overhead,
 And the dead past still is burying
 From our sight its mouldy dead.

Out of ancient superstition,
 Born of ignorance and fear,
 Lo! the glorious resurrection,
 Age by age and year by year.

Through the mouths of old tradition
 Waiting eyes can dimly see
 Signs and prophecies unfailing
 Of the faith that is to be.

'Tis the faith of noble courage,
 Wrought of reason and of love;
 Man, himself in man believing,
 Reaching to the things above.

Bearing one another's burdens,
 Living not to self alone;
 Doing justice, loving mercy,
 Walking humbly with his own.

Standing with unfettered freedom
 In the confidence of youth;
 Searching all things, holding only
 To the sacredness of truth.

Anon.

781.

New Year.

L.M.

DANBY

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ which is to be.

A. Tennyson.

782.

Love.

6.5.6.5.D.

LAUS TIBI CHRISTE

LOVE is one and liveth,
 Is of life the star,
 In the Jew or Gentile,
 Naught its gleam can bar.
 Clear the music ringeth,
 Prison'd not by clime ;
 Truth the note it soundeth,
 Undestroy'd by time.

Clear the music ringeth,
 Prisoned not by clime ;
 Truth the note it soundeth,
 Undestroy'd by time.
 Love in measur'd movements,
 Toucheth every string ;
 Infinite the fountain,
 Whence the streamlets spring.

Oh! be glad, ye people,
 Buddhist, Christian, Jew!
 Hasten to believe it,
 Christos dwells in you !
 Oh! be glad, ye people,
 Buddhist, Christian, Jew !
 Hasten to believe it,
 Christos dwells in you !

From Songs of the Lotus Circle.

783.

Life.

8.7.8.7.

SHIPSTON

LIFE is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal ;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

Art is long and Time is fleeting
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main ;
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.

784.

Recollection.

IO. IO. IO. IO.

ALL SOULS

QUIET from God ! how blessed 'tis to keep
This treasure the All-Merciful hath given ;
To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
Its incense round us like a breath from heaven !

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart ;
To dwell with God, yet still with man to feel ;
To bear about for ever in the heart
The gladness which His spirit doth reveal !

Who shall make trouble then ? Not evil minds
Which, like a shadow, o'er creation lower ;
The soul which peace hath thus attuned, finds
How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.

What shall make trouble ? Not the holy thought
Of loved ones lost. For that will be a part
Of those undying things which peace hath wrought
Into a world of beauty in the heart.

What shall make trouble ? Not slow wasting pain,
Nor e'en th' impending certain stroke of death :
These do but wear away, then break, the chain
Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

Anon.

785.

Our Neighbour.

C.M.

ABERDEEN

WHO is thy neighbour? He whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless ;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim ;
Oh! enter thou his humble door
With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbour ? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow fills the brim ;
With words of high, sustaining hope
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the weary slave
Fettered in mind and limb ;
He hath no hope this side the grave ;
Go thou and ransom him.

Thy neighbour—Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery,
Go, share thy lot with him.

From Songs of the Lotus Circle.

786.

Wisdom.

L.M.

AFFECTION

O PRICELESS wisdom, thy true worth,
Exceeds the richest gems of earth,
Thy price has never yet been told,
In silver or in glittering gold.

O priceless wisdom, guide me all the way,
Till darkness endeth in the perfect day ;
O priceless wisdom, guide me all the way,
Till darkness endeth in the perfect day.

More precious far than diamonds bright,
And all the things that most delight
Are thy rich jewels pure and fair,
No gems of earth with them compare.

A tree of life to all thou art,
Who seek thee with an earnest heart,
All fruit of blessing thou dost bear,
And all who will may have their share.

From Songs of the Lotus Circle.

787.

Duty.

7.7.7.7.

VIENNA

CHRISTIAN! rise, and act thy creed,
Let thy prayer be in thy deed;
Seek the right, perform the true,
Raise thy work and life anew.

Hearts around thee sink with care;
Thou canst help their load to bear,
Thou canst bring inspiring light,
Arm their faltering wills to fight.

Wrong shall die in open day,
Virtue shine beyond decay,
Falsehood flee from candour's face,
Health reflect eternal grace.

Let thine alms be hope and joy,
And thy worship God's employ;
Give Him thanks in humble zeal,
Learning all His will to feel.

Come then, Law divine, and reign,
Freest faith assailed in vain,
Perfect love bereft of fear,
Born in heaven and radiant here.

Anon.

788. Common Blessings.

L.M.

MELCOMBE

FOR common gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
The hearing ear, the eye to see,
Beauty for ever round us poured
In sweet and varied ministry.

We bless Thee for the wholesome air,
For showers that fall and suns that warm,
For darkness and the truce to care,
For sleep that brings its soothing charm.

For gentle courtesies of life,
For dear communion, friend with friend,
Those hours with sacred meaning rife,
When love looks to no earthly end.

We yield Thee praise for sovereign power
That steadies us o'er gulfs of pain ;
Shall we forget Thee in the hour
That leads us back to peace again ?

Let not our gratitude delay
Till good withheld constrains the prayer :
Give clearer vision, that we may
Hold common blessings as if rare.

Charlotte Mellen Packard.

789.

God's Grace.

C.M.

SONG 67

OUR FATHER, while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong Thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With faith's undying flame.

Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
Our souls Thy face shall see ;
The star of love must light the path
That leads to heaven and Thee.

Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds His sacred image still,
And see Him once again—

The brother Man, the pitying Friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.

If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot do without
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept ; our sins forgive ;
Our youthful zeal renew ;
Shape for us holier lives to live,
And nobler work to do.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

790

Weinachtslied.

P.M.

WUEMBACH

COME from heaven high, ye angels come ;
Eia, Eia, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Eia, Eia :
Come sing and play, come pipe and drum ;
Alleluia, Alleluia ;
Of JESUS sing and MARIA.

Come bring no instruments with you ;
Eia, etc.

Bring lutes and harps and lyres with you ;
Alleluia, Alleluia ;
Of JESUS sing and MARIA.

Sing peace to Mankind far and wide :
Eia, etc.

To GOD sing glory in the height ;
Alleluia, Alleluia ;
Of JESUS sing and MARIA.

W. K. Wümbach. (Künstwart, November, 1906.)

791.

The Hidden Life.

7.6.7.6.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS

DRAW us to Thee, Lord JESUS,
And we will hasten on ;
For sharp desire doth seize us
To go where Thou art gone.

Draw us to Thee ; enlighten
These hearts to find Thy way,
That else the tempests frighten
Or pleasures lure astray.

Draw us to Thee ; and teach us
Even now that rest to find,
Where turmoils cannot reach us,
Nor cares weigh down the mind.

Draw us to Thee ; nor leave us
Till all our path is trod,
Then in Thine arms receive us,
And bear us home to GOD.

Ludamilia Elizabeth,
Countess of Schwarzburg Rudolstadt.

792.

Summer.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

RUTH

SUMMER suns are glowing
Over land and sea;
Happy light is flowing,
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays;
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the note of praise.

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth,
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious,
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

Lord upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Makes us love Thee more;
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then the veil uplifting
Father, be Thou nigh.

We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright;
Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

Bishop W. W. How.

793.

The Divine Tri-unity.

6.6.6.6.6.6.

AVE HIERARCHIA

FATHER, high and holy,
Bend Thee to the lowly ;
In Thy loving-kindness
Take away our blindness :
Hear Thy children crying,
For Thy presence sighing.

Word Incarnate giving
Life to all things living ;
Heaven and earth are telling
Praise of Thy Indwelling :
Manifest Thy Glory,
Crown Creation's story.

Fount of Nature's Being ;
Light of all our seeing ;
Lord of Love's deep ocean ;
Source of man's devotion :
From Thy Goodness never
May our sins us sever.

God of Truth and Beauty ;
Light and Fire and Duty ;
Nearer than our dearest,
Dearer than our nearest—
Speak that we may hear Thee ;
Evermore be near Thee.

W. F. Cobb.

794.

Creation.

8.6.8.6.8.8.

AUCH JETZT MACHT GOTT

ALMIGHTY Architect ! Whose mind
Hath planned all things that be,
Whose thought is Law, whose law is Love,
Whose love Fertility,
Help us to reverence Thy mind,
And see Thy Temple in mankind.

“ Let there be light ! ” Thy primal voice
We echo, nor in vain
The hidden mysteries explore
That all Thy works contain :
Yet pray for humbleness and awe
In tracing Thine enfolded law.

“ Let there be life ! ”—it follows on,
For light smiles not on death,
And light is life, and life is light,
When man remembereth
Thy Name and Will, and thinks it joy
To labour if in Thine employ.

“ Let there be love ! ”—for thou art Love ;
All-Father ! none can view
With filial love Thy Fatherhood
But love his brother too.
If charity our heart has filled
Cementing stone to stone we build.

SUPPLICATION

Wisdom and Strength, and Beauty form
The pillars of Thy throne ;
Each in its perfect self belongs
To Thee, to Thee alone ;
Yet may they gleam before our eyes
To make us strong, and clean, and wise.

By Faith establish well our ways ;
Bid Hope expand our view ;
And crown Thy gifts with golden Love,
Which maketh all things new.
Then shall our light before men shine
Because they mark that we are Thine.

J. W. Horsley.

795. *D Lamm Gottes unschuldig.*

7.7.7.7.7.7.8.

LAYRIZ. NO. 102.

O, LAMB of God, all holy,
Who on the Cross didst suffer,
And patient, still and lowly,
Thyself to scorn didst offer ;
Our sins by Thee were taken,
Or hope had us forsaken ;
Have mercy on us, O, Jesu.

To be sung thrice : In verse 3 the last line being---
"Thy peace be with us, O Jesu."

Translated by *A. T. Russell.*

796.

Self-surrender.

L.M.

HERR GOTT VATER

GREAT GOD, o'er heaven and earth supreme,
Whose glories all creation fill,
Our souls adore Thy hallowed name,
And humbly wait to do Thy will.

'Tis ours to feed Thy tender lambs,
And train their footsteps on to Heaven;
We hail with joy the charge divine,
And freely give as Thou hast given.

On them, on us Thy grace bestow,
The contrite heart, the lowly mind,
The love of God in Christ to know,
The wisdom from above to find.

Defend us from the power of sin;
Save us from all self-righteous pride;
Our sure support, Thy peace within;
Our only plea that Christ hath died.

Unknown.

797.

At Nightfall.

L.M.

VOM HIMMEL HOCH

THE shadows fall,
The night is near,
She spreads her pall
Ghostly and drear.

The stir of toil,
The noise of play,
The hum and moil
Fade with the day.

And brooding sleep
With guardian wing
Her watch will keep
O'er everything.

The leaves shiver
At breath of night;
Reeds in the river
Shake with delight.

Silence grows deep,
No sound is heard
Save the bells of the 'sheep,
The wing of a bird.

Sweet Sleep o'er all
Thy spell now cast.—
The shadows fall,
The day is past.

D. M. C. (The Academy December 15, 1906.)

798.

Divine Indwelling.

C. M.

ENGLISH HYMNAL, 504

OH not in far-off realms of space,
The spirit hath its throne :
In every heart, it findeth place,
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin :
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity,
And with His glory shine.

Thou shalt not wait for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone ;
The indwelling God will go with thee,
And show thee of His own.

O gift of gifts, O grace of grace !
That God should condescend
To make thy heart His dwelling-place,
And be thy daily friend !

F. L. Hosmer.

799.

Revelation.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

ALLA TRINITA BEATA

GOD of ages and of nations,
Every race and every time
Hath received thine inspirations,
Glimpses of thy truth sublime.
Ever spirits, in rapt vision,
Passed the mystic veil within ;
Ever hearts, bowed in contrition,
Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noble aspiration
Truth in growing clearness saw ;
Conscience spoke in condemnation,
Or proclaimed the Eternal Law.
While thine inward revelations
Told thy saints their prayers were heard,
Prophets to the guilty nations
Spoke thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever ;
Revelation is not sealed ;
Answering now to man's endeavour,
Truth and right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages—
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew—
Written in the heart's deep pages,
Shines to-day, for ever new !

S. Longfellow.

800. Litany of the Kingdom.

7.7.7.6.

BAYARD

Our Father :

LOVING Father, Who didst make
All the world for love's own sake,
That we might Thy bliss partake;
Hear our prayer, O Father.

Which art in Heaven :

Thou Who dost the worlds maintain;
Whom the Heavens cannot contain,
And our thoughts pursue in vain;
May we be Thy Heaven.

Spirit 'neath all forms concealed;
To the heart of Faith revealed;
Who Thyself to Love dost yield;
Make our hearts Thy Temple.

Hallowed be Thy Name :

Where Thou dost Thyself make known,
May Earth's reverence be shown;
May we give Thee all Thine own;
May Thy Name be hallowed.

May all men Thee understand;
In our hearts, our homes, our land,
May we see Thy guiding hand;
Teach us Thee to worship.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

Thy Kingdom come :

Drive away all forms of ill ;
Wealth that dulls, and cares that kill ;
Envy, lust and weakened will ;
Come to us Thy Kingdom.

Finish Mammon's hateful reign ;
Tyrants' wrong, the poor man's pain ;
Workers' sloth, the love of gain ;
Quickly come Thy Kingdom.

Make all wars, O Lord, to cease,
Give for strife and hatred peace ;
From the bands of Self release ;
Stablish soon Thy Kingdom.

Thy Will be done in Earth as it is in Heaven :

Father, Who Earth's pain dost bear,
All its sin, and all its care,
Calling us Thy load to share ;
May we know Thy wise Will.

Father, Who didst in Thy Son
Show how Thy Will should be done ;
Perfect what Thou hast begun ;
May we love Thy sweet Will.

May we weep with them that weep ;
Bring back Home Thy' wandering sheep ;
Waken those in sin who sleep ;
May we do Thy strong Will.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

Give us this day our daily bread :

Give Thy Children who Thee serve,
Strength of brain, of heart and nerve,
Never from Thy side to swerve ;
Give us our bread daily.

May we seek Thy Kingdom first ;
For Thy Righteousness e'er thirst ;
Ne'er by faithless care be curst ;
Trusting in Thee daily.

Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us :

Ope our eyes to see our woe ;
Contrite hearts on us bestow ;
Speak, Heaven's Deep to Deep below ;
Breathe on us forgiveness.

When our foes around us throng,
When they do us deadly wrong ;
In Thy Love may we be strong ;
Pardon their sin, Father.

Fill us with Thy Spirit free ;
Give us pure humility ;
Grant us grace from Self to flee ;
Pardon our sin, Father.

May Thy Children be like Thee,
Filled with joy and charity ;
Quick in all men good to see ;
Giving and forgiving.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

Lead us not into Temptation :

Prove us not beyond our power ;
Give us strength in Satan's hour ;
Faith, hope, love, upon us shower :
Save, O save us, Father.

For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory.

Thine, O God, the Kingdom is,
Let us not Thy Glory miss ;
Ever may we share Thy bliss ;
Hear Thy Children, Father. Amen.

W. F. Cobb, D.D.

THE END.

THY Kingdom come, with power and grace,
In every heart of man ;
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign :—

The Kingdom of established peace
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love !

Charles Wesley.

O, ALL YE WORKS OF THE LORD, BLESS YE THE LORD.



INDEX OF FIRST LINES

HYMN

A dreamer dropped a random thought	777
A quiet heart, submissive, meek	762
A strong and mailed Angel	711
All before us lies the way	705
Almighty Architect Whose mind	794
And did those feet in ancient time?	719
Breathe on me breath of God	706
Christ in His word draws near	737
Christian rise and act thy creed	787
Come from heaven high ye angels come	790
Come, ye sons of England	708
Content to come, content to go	749
Dear Lord and Father of Mankind	761
Draw us to Thee Lord Jesus	791
Earth is passed away and gone	744
England awake! awake! awake!	727
Faith and Hope and Charity	704
Father high and holy	793
Father, hear the prayer we offer	723
Father, let Thy kingdom come	755
Father, we would not dare to change	728
For all Thy love and goodness so bountiful and free	718
For common gifts we bless thee Lord	788
For the beauty of the earth	722
GOD of ages and of nations	799
GOD of our fathers, known of old	742
Gracious Spirit, dwell with me	703
Great God o'er heaven and earth supreme	796
Hail! Thou day-star from on high	731
Hark my soul, how everything	743
Heaven and earth, and sea and air	763
Holy Spirit, truth divine	710
I hope at last to find	729
I live to hold communion	767
Immortal Love, for ever full	748
It came upon the midnight clear	750
Jesus, day by day	702
Jesus, our risen King	716
King of mercy, King of love	725
Life is real, life is earnest	783
Life of ages richly poured	712
"Lift up your hearts!" We lift them, Lord, to Thee	735
Live thou thy life, nor take thou heed	776
Lord from Thy blessed throne	769
Lord from whom all blessings flow	726
Lord of all being, throned from far	700
Lord of power, Lord of might	709
Love is one and liveth	782
Loving Father Who didst make	800
Morning breaketh	779
My God what will the future bring?	766

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Nothing fair on earth I see	733
Now pray we for our country	724
Now sing ye all with one accord	752
Now to Him who loved us, gave us	751
O God of truth, whose living word	758
O God, Thy power is wonderful	739
O God we praise Thee and confess	765
O grant us light that we may know	754
O Lamb of God, all holy	795
O Love that casts out fear	759
O Priceless Wisdom, thy true worth	786
O Thou not made with hands	764
Oh, not in far-off realms of space	798
Once I thought to sit so high	747
One gift, my God I seek	732
Our Father while our hearts unlearn	789
Patience and Humility !	772
Praise to our God, whose bounteous hand	757
Purer yet and purer	701
Quiet from God, how blessed 'tis to keep	784
Ring out wild bells to the wild sky	781
Shall I o'er the future fret ?	770
Slowly by Thy hand unfurled	756
Soft are the dews of God that bless	721
Star of the day and the night	774
Strong Son of God, immortal Love	715
Summer suns are glowing	792
Teach us, Lord, Thy wisdom	714
The beams of morning are renewed	773
The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand	734
The Lord is in His holy place	778
The shadows fall	797
The story comes from long ago	775
The Sun has left his throne	771
The year is swiftly waning	760
Thou Lord art love---and everywhere	746
Thou wast, O God, and Thou wast blest	740
Thy home is with the humble, Lord	736
Thy way is best, my Father	745
Time flies with restless wings	768
To do thy holy will	730
To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love	720
Truth is living ! Hope is beaming !	780
Unto the hills ! lift mine eyes	713
We limit not the truth of God	741
We pray no more, made lowly wise	717
Where is thy God, my soul ?	738
Who is my neighbour ? He whom thou	785
Work, for it is a noble thing	753
Worship, honour, glory, blessing	770



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